

SYNOPSIS.

Philip Cayley, accused of a crime of which he is not guilty, resigns from the army in diagrace and his affection for his friend. Lieut. Perry Hunter, turns to hatred. Cayley seeks solitude, where he perfects a flying machine. While soaring over the Arctic regions, he picks up a curiously shaped stick he had seen in the assassin's hand. Mounting again, he discovers a yacht anchored in the bay. Descending near the steamer, he meets a girl on an ice floe. He learns that the girl's name is Jeanne Fielding and that the yacht has come sert to seek signs of her father. Captain Fielding, an arctic explorer. A party from the yacht is making search ashore. After Cayley departs Jeanne finds that he had dropped a curiously-shaped stick. Captain Planck and the surviving crew of his wrecked whaler are in hiding on the coast. A giant rufman named-Roscoe, had murdered Fielding and his two companions, after the explorer had revealed the location of an enormous ledge of pure gold. Roscoe then took command of the party. It develops that the ruffan had committed the murder witnessed by Cayley.

CHAPTER III .- Continued.

For a long time Roscoe walked steadily on, until the two had come far up the glacier. Finally, when he did stop, he whirled quite around and stood confronting Planck, squarely in the middle of a narrow path between two deep fissures in the ice. His eyes were glittering malevolently.

"Do you know any reason," he asked in a thick voice, "why I don't pick you up and drop you down one of those cracks there, or why I don't serve you as I served that fellow yes-

Planck thought he meant to do it. but, with the fatalism that marks the men of his profession, he stood fast and eyed his big opponent.

'You're strong enough to," he said. "And I'll do it if I want to; you know that." Roscoe supplemented.

"Yes, I know that." The big man nodded curtly.

"Well, I'm not going to now, because I choose not to. Listen. If you had the chance, could you navigate that solid mahogany, hand-painted ship down there?" Planck cleared his throat, as if

something were stifling him. "With a crew, yes," he answered. 'Could Schwartz run those nickelplated engines he'll find in her, do you

think?" "Yes." Well, within two days I'll give you a chance to make good. Now, I'm going to tell you my plan, not because you asked me, but because I want you to know. I'd run the whole thing alone if I could, but I want you

with me. We're going to take that

eacht and we're going off alone in her

-we of the Whaler, alone. Do you understand that?" They're better armed than we, said Planck reflectively; "better fed, better everything. And man for man, bar you, they're just as good, and they're three to one of us. It will

want some pretty good planning." "You needn't worry about that," answered-Roscoe. "I didn't expect you to make the plans; I knew you pouldn't. I've made them myself; they're working right now. keep your tongue in your head and laten?"

Planck nodded.

"That searching party didn't go back to the yacht last night. They're all camped together-about 20 of them -down in the Little Bear valley. there aren't above half a dozen fireurms in the bunch; none of the sailors from the yacht have any, and hev've got about two days' rations. They're all there together, except the ene man we accounted for yesterday." "I see," said Planck; "and you think

hev're ashore." "Don't try to think, I tell you." Rosoe growled. "I'm doing the thinking. There are probably ten able-bodied nen left on the yacht. That's not good enough odds, considering the way they're armed. But about an sour ago I sent Miguel down to the thore party to be their guide. He say to him."

steadily. "Where is he going to take

"Can't you guess that? He's going to lead them into Fog lake, of course,' The thought of it made Planck's teeth chatter. Fog lake was, perhaps, the most curious natural phenomenon apon that strange arctic land-a little tup-shaped valley, from which the fog never lifted-had never lifted once in all the four years they had lived there. On days when the rest of the land way up the side of the hills, so that from the ridges surrounding it it really looked like a strange vapory sea. They had explored the edges of it, secret of its mystery, if it had one.

"And then?" Planck asked. "Why, they'll send out a relief party from the yacht, of course. The yacht's be surprising if there isn't anybody people know what rations the searchng party took with them, and when they don't come back in two days, they'll probably set out from the ith every able-bodied man on and try to find the first party

well out of hearing, we take the have read the thought that lay at the him myself, coming down out of de aboard her; and we certainly can't hunter was not much of a sailor, but and take our gold aboard—all our stretches of the Yukon he could navi-gold. And then, well—there's where you'll come in."

"But what then man? My God! what then? Do you suppose we can go steaming into San Francisco, or any other port in the world, with all that gold in our hull and another captain's log and papers? We might just as well hang ourselves from our own crow-jack yard."

"I hope your wits will improve when you get a deck under your feet," Roscoe growled. "On land here you're about as much good as a pelican in a foot race. No, your salling orders where we can lie up for the winter and not be bothered."

"Yes," said Planck, "I could take the yacht to such a place as that. There's a very good harbor in behind Hirshel island. But what will we do when we get there?"

"After that, it's my affair," said



were obviously genuine.

buffet, returning to the table with the

oddly-shaped, rudely-whittled stick.
"Do you mean to say," he demanded,

looking up at the girl with a puzzled

frown-"do you mean to say that he,

the man you dreamed about, made

She laughed. "If that seems a rea-

"Oh, I know what it is, but that

only makes the puzzle all the deeper.

shapen; I can't make it fit my hand.

spoil our breakfast. Come, my dear,

omelet deserves better treatment."

Tom, dear old Tom, like a brother.

find, we'd have heard."

the white cloth.

yesterday."

man brought it."

you a present of this stick?"

yacht. We may not find a living soul bottom of Roscoe's mind. The gold sky las' night. I was out on deck, leave one there. But we'll steam up he felt confident that on the broad Fanshaw looked quickly from the negro's face to the girls as if he sus-

CHAPTER IV.

The Throwing-Stick "Oh. I suppose," said Jeanne, 'there's no use worrying."

Across the table from where she sat at breakfast in the snug, warm, luxurlous little dining room on the yacht, old Mr. Fanshaw methodically laid his coffee spoon in the saucer beside his cup, and looked up at her with his

slow, deliberate smile. "My dear," he said, "remember that won't be San Francisco, nor any other port that has such a thing as a everything that, by the utmost stretch revenue officer about. But you ought of hope, they could find, he would into know the north coast line over sist on keeping up the search as long there as far east as McKenzie bay. as the light lasted, and when the light You must know some harbor there failed there would be no more light to come home by. Don't think of worrying; I don't. We'll hear nothing of them for hours."

"It won't be as long as that," she predicted confidently. "My sky-man will probably bring me news before then

Old Mr. Fanshaw halted his coffee



Jeanne emerged upon the deck they must I, not—yet?" heard the sound of oars beneath them. "I don't know," and looking over the rail saw one of the boats in which the shore party most, to have lost the power of speech had set out, pulling up alongside the from long disuse of it. But he meant pected a hoax, but the terror in one accommodation ladder. Three men face and the mystification in the other were in it, two of the crew and Tom Fanshaw. Then he rose and went over to the

"What news, Tom?" his father called out anxiously enough to belie his former tranquil manner. "Have you found anything? I hope there's nothing wrong."

The younger man looked up. He saw his father, but not the girl. and Norwegians, they were all Amer-'Nothing wrong," he growled, "except sonable way of putting it, yes; at this infernal ankle of mine. I've east it slipped out of his belt and I sprained it again, and I did it just found it where he had been sitting. But can you imagine what he used it short there, his eye falling at that moment upon Jeanne.

She paled a little, for she had been quick to perceive that something he It's an Eskimo throwing-stick. They had been about to tell would not be use it to shoot darts with. It lies told now, or must be told differently. in the palm of the hand, so, and the But she waited until his father, todart is put in that groove, though the gether with the two sailors, had got butt of this one seems curiously misthe disabled man up onto the deck and safely installed in an easy chair. But I can't figure out how the thing Then gravely, but steadily, "Just as got aboard the yacht; it wasn't here what, Tom? What clue had they found just as you had to come away?" "Of course not," she said; "my sky-

"It was very wonderful," he said; "quite inexplicable. Just as we were He ran his fingers through his about breaking camp this morning we bushy gray hair perplexedly. Then he saw a man coming toward us across laid the thing down and seated himthe ice. We thought at first that it self at the table. "At any rate," he was Hunter, and we were mightly said, "we needn't let even a mystery glad to see him, because he had stray you've eaten almost nothing. That ed off somewhere and hadn't camped with us. But we soon saw it wasn't he, wasn't a man anything like him. Obediently she took up her fork, He was a queer, slouching, shuffling but almost immediately laid it down again, and he saw her eyes brighten creature, dressed in skins, and he came up in a hesitating way, as if he with tears, "Of course, if there'd been was afraid of us. He couldn't talk any news, if there'd been anything to English, nor understand it, apparent-Silently he reached across the table and patted the hand that lay there on ly. He looked to me like a Portuguese, and I tried him in Spanishgood Filipino Spanish—on the chance. I thought it startled him a little, and "Oh, I know I oughtn't to cry," she he pricked up his ears at it, but he said, "and I won't; it's your goodness couldn't understand that either. He and kindness to me as much as anyjust kept beckoning and repeating two thing else. Ever since he went away you've been like a father to me, and words-

"What words, Tom? Out with it!"



The moment Mr. Fanshaw and |-even let myself begin to hope yet "I don't know," said Tom. "The fellow seemed half-crazed; seemed, al-

> to take us somewhere, that was clear enough from his gestures. If I could only have seen you before I began to blurt the thing out, I'd have spared you the suspense until there was something to tell. I'm sorry, Jeanne." "Its queer." she said, at the end of

a rather long silence. "I'm sure there was no Portuguese in father's expedition. Except for two or three Swedes icans. I know the name of every man who sailed in his ship."

"He might have taken some one on when-" He broke the sentence off at St. Michaels," suggested the elder

Fanshaw. "Yes," she said a little dublously, only he never thought much of south-

ern Europeans as sea-faring men." There was another silence after that. She rose presently and began sweeping the shore line with a prismatic binocular which was slung across across her shoulders. The two men exchanged glances behind her, the elder, one of inquiry, his son, s negative. No, it would reluctant clearly be insane to build any hope on

the incident. At last she let the glass fall from her listless hand and turned to them, her face haggard with the torture of impossible hope. "I wish my sky-man would come"—she said forlornly, "come whirling down out of the air, with news of them."

"Your sky-man?" said Tom Fanshaw questioningly. Here was something to talk about

at last, and the old gentleman seized

the chance it afforded. "Yes, we've another mystery," ha said. "See what you can do toward solving it." With that for an introduction, he plunged into a humorous ac count of Jeanne's report of her adventure of the night before, of the may

who had dropped down from the sky, in the middle of the night, and talked to her awhile, and then flown away again. "She was really out on the ice floe," he said: "so much I concede; but when I assure her that she dreamed the rest, she is skeptical about my ex-"But even you can't explain," she

protested, "how I could dream about an Eskimo throwing-stick, and then bring it back to the yacht with me when I was wide-awake, and show it to you at the breakfast table this morning."

"I'll have to admit," said the old gentleman, "that my explanation toesn't adequately account for that." The expression of the younger man's face was perplexed rather than

incredulous. "But, my boy," cried the elder man, think of it! He comes down out of the sky and says he just dropped in from Point Barrow; and that's 500 ishing. All around its margin were miles away. That's just as impossible rows of scratches and small indentaas it would be to materialize an Eskimo throwing-stick out of a dream,

wery bit." "No, hardly that," said Tom judici-"What was his aeroplane like? What was it made of? Did you notice

it particularly?" "Yes," she said; "I helped him fold it up. It was made of bladders and bamboo and catgut, he said." "And his motor?" cried Tom. "What

was his motor like?" "There was no motor at all," she

said: "just wings." There you see, Tom," interrupted

his father, "absolute moonshine." But still the younger man shook a doubtful head. "No," he said, "the things' not impossible-not inconceivable, at least. The big birds can fly that far, and think nothing of it."

The old man snorted: "They're built that way. Think of the immense strength of their wing muscles."

"Not so enormous," said the young er man. "I dissected the wing of an albatross once to see. It's not by main strength they keep affoat in the air; it's by catching the trick of it."

eagerly. "He told me he could fly across the north pole, from Dawsoz totally unfitting me for anything. City to St. Petersburg, and when I asked him if he could keep flying, flying all the time like that, he said the biggest birds didn't fly; they sailed, and he said he sailed, too, and the force of gravity was his keel."

Her story was making its impression on the younger man, at least, even if his father was as impervious

to it as he still seemed. "Well, if you dreamed that," said Tom, "it was a mighty intelligent dream, I'll say that for it."

"But it wasn't a dream at all," she cried. "Didn't I help him take the thing apart and fold it up into a bundle? And didn't he say that he was a tax payer, and that his name was

Philip Cayley?" (TO BE CONTINUED.)

By Way of Variety.
"How did you enjoy the vaudeville performance?" "It was good. They ad performing cats, a baseball player, a champion pugilist, a trained cockatoo, and, I give you my word, they even had an actor doing a turn." voicelessly, "I suppose I mustn't dare | -Louisville Courier-Journal.

> the partner of his serrows. "No, it's worse than that," answered the alleged head of the house. boss has yielded and I've got to go to work again."-Rehoboth Sunday Her-

"Not another lockout, I hope?" said

"A man who married an artist's

nodel says she turned up her nose at a modest home."

"Served him right. He might as well expect a chorus girl to do without



By Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound



daughter Alice, who
was restored to
health by Lydia E.
Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. She
was pale, with dark
circles under her
eyes, weak and irritable. Two different
destury treated her doctors treated her and called it Green Sickness, but she grew worse all the grew worse all the time, Lydia E Pink-

ham's Vegetable Compound was rec-ommended, and after taking three botommended, and after taking three sot-ties she has regained her health, thanks to your medicine. I can recommend it for all female troubles."—Mrs. L. A. CORREAN, 1103 Rudland Street, Balti-

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WISE, ALL RIGHT.



Mr. Wise-Where's the man that struck my wife-where is he? Bystander-What'll you do if you find him?

Mr. Wise-introduce him to my mother-in-law.

Baby Teetnes on the Table.

"We are called upon to repair all kinds of damages," a furniture dealer the other day said. "But the most puzzling defacement I ever saw was that which appeared on a beautiful mahogany table brought in for refintions which were hard to explain, as the table was otherwise uninjured

"'What happened to it?' I asked when the owner came in. "'Well,' she replied, 'the baby insisted on cutting his teeth around the edge of it. Of course, it was rather expensive, but we both think there is

nothing too good for the baby.' His Destiny.

"I wish Willie had been born & girl!" "Why?" "Oh, he is such a cry baby! I wish

I could do something to stop his snivelling at everything that comes UD. "To stop it? Encourage it, you

Nature evidently intended that boy for a United States senator."

> COFFEE CONGESTION Causes a Variety of Alls.

A happy old lady in Wisconsin Bays:

"During the time I was a coffee "That's what he said," the girl cried drinker I was subject to sick headaches, sometimes lasting 2 or 3 days,

To this affliction was added, some years ago, a trouble with my heart that was very painful, accompanied by a smothering sensation and faint-

"Dyspepsia, also, came to make life harder to bear. I took all sorts of patent medicines but none of them helped

me for any length of time. "The doctors frequently told me that coffee was not good for me; but without coffee I felt as if I had no breakfast. I finally decided about 2 years ago to abandon the use of cofee entirely, and as I had read a great

deal about Postum I concluded to try that for a breakfast beverage. "I liked the taste of it and was particularly pleased to notice that it did not 'come up' as coffee used to. The bad spells with my heart grew less and less frequent, and finally ceased aitogether, and I have not had an attack of sick headache for more than a year. My digestion is good, too, and I am thankful that I am once more a healthy woman. I know my wonderful restoration to health came from quitting coffee and using Postum."

Creek, Mich. "There's a reason," and it is this. Coffee has a direct action on the liver with some people, and causes partial congestion of that organ preventing the natural outlet of the secretions Then may follow biliousness, sallow skin, headaches, constipation and final-ly a change of the blood corpuscles and nervous prostration.

Name given by the Postum Co., Battle

Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Rea-EOIL'

His Eyes Were Gilttering Maleolent ly. Roscoe. "We'll winter on the yacht. | cup half way to his lips, Then when the weather begins to what?" he questioned. we can capture the yacht now while loosen up a bit, but before the spring stand." And then he laughed. But thaws, we'll land our gold and our his face grew suddenly serious, and stores; cache all the gold, except he looked intently, curiously, into what we can carry over the trail, say, hers. "My child!" he cried; "it can't about 500 pounds of it, and we'll leave be that you are taking that dream of he yacht's seacocks open, so that hen the ice goes out, she'll scuttle erself. We shall probably find ledges, and perhaps a pony or two, things with those nimble sn't going to say anything much to on the yacht. If we do, it will be them, but what he says will be easy. It's only a short hike to one snough, I reckon. He's to pretend he's of the tributaries of the Porcupine fotty and can't understand what they river. Once we reach the Porcupine, it will be easy, for it flows into the Planck's eyes widened a little and Yukon, and that's as good as a railhe did not ask his next question very | way line. We'll make a raft and float all the way down to Saint Michaels she said, "it's perfectly incredible, Unwith no trouble at all. The gold we have with us will be enough to take all that." us down to Vancouver, and there we can charter a ship. You take command of her, and we go north through the straits again that very summer-next summer that will be, of course. go back to the harbor where we left

the yacht. You can figure out the rest for yourself, I guess." "Yes," said Planck. "It's all very was clear, the fog hung there, half well-only won't there be a good many to trust that sort of secret to?" Roscoe looked at him with a savage sort of grin. "Come, you're improving. But that hike across the mountains to fearsomely, at times, but had never the upper tributaries of the Porcupine penetrated far enough to learn the is a hard trail. There aren't likely to be many of us left by the time we get started floating down open water. When we get to the Yukon it won't

left at all, but you and me." Planck caught his meaning quickly enough, indeed, a duller man could have read it in Roscoe's savage light blue eyes; and the thought made his tec'h chatter. He would have felt a ng it in soon as they are deadlier terror, perhaps would be

whirling upon him. "What do you to find Tom Fielding just the same. What the devil are you talk. There, don't cry. Put on that big fur mean? "I seeu bim, Mr. Fanshaw; I seen on deck." ing about?"

around the pupils of his eyes.

not even to oblige him."

the unnecessary arbitrariness of the

REBEL AGAINST SCOTCH RULE | shove into the receptacle provided for | did it in a roundabout, complicated, | exclusion, and since then the rule has it on the green, technically known as | mathematical way, but the wording | been set aside in official competitions in this country. At the coming an nual meeting of the United States Golf association the question is to come up for settlement. And it is generally predicted that the St. An-

the sky-man, was nothing but a vision, ling up here yourself, facing the dan- had controlled his patience with dif-

nir of his visit." Then, with a nod to them, all for such an impossible, hope the younger man hesitated and looked

Her voice faltered there, and she

"My child," he said, "your father

bent down abruptly and kissed the

hand that was still caressing her own.

ture failed, if it ended fatally for him,

as it probably did, I should regard you

hadn't been in the case at all, we'd

have built this ship and come up here

representation" is not improbable.

The putters' rebellion seems to be pased on sound sportsmanship-viz. the feeling that the individual player should be given all possible freedom of choice not inconsistent with the

This from the old gentleman, who

into the girl's face, mutely, half-ques-

"The words," he said, "seemed to be

your father's name-'Captain Field-

She went quite white, and reeled a

little. Then clutched at the shrouds

for support. The old gentleman was

at her side in an instant, his strong,

steadying arm across her shoulders.

Tom himself half rose from his chair,

only to drop back into it again with

grimace of pain and a little dew of

perspiration on his forehead. He

"I suppose"-the girl said almost

looked rather white himself under the

tioningly, before he spoke.

ing;' it sounded like that."

"I Can't Make It Fit My Hand."

gers yourself and letting Tom face ficulty during the little stience. But

"More trouble," sighed Murphy, put-ting on his coat. "If it ain't one thing its another."

"What's the matter now," queried "More labor

of Their Placidity-Putters Cause of Rumpus. The rumblings of rebellion are in

the air. "We will not," say certain progressive golfers, "be dictated to by Andrews or anybody else in the matter of putters," Putters, it may be

Future Games of Golf May Be Robbed

For several seasons British golfers, and especially those supposed to have the traditions of the game particular ly in their keeping, the St. Andrews players, have been fretting and stewing over American innovations in the putter line. Finally during this last fall, on September 27 to be exact, the St. Andrews committee came out with stated for the benefit of the nonelect, a positive prohibition of the American are implements by means of which contraption known as a Schenectady the golf ball is given its last delicate | putter, and all of its congeners. They

was effective, and thereafter the Schenectady became an outlaw in

"Oh, I under

wits of

slowly, "and if it was a dream-if And then building this ship and com-

ward the buffet, she spoke to Mr. less hope as that message the sea

lifted her eyes to the man's face as and I were like brothers—nearer to

she finished speaking. It was wooden each other than most brothers. He

with fright, and the whites showed all went away, knowing that if his ven-

for all de gol' and lewels in de world; child of mine as Tom is. If you

I wouldn't touch dat stick, not as my daughter—as just as much a

brought to us."

yours seriously. If I thought that, I

would have to believe that this queer

arctic climate was doing strange

yours. A man alighting on the ice

floe, out of mid air, and telling you

that he had just dropped in from Point

Barrow; It's like the flight from the

She pressed her finger tips thought-

fully against her eyelids. "I know,"

cle Jerry, but it's perfectly true for

explosively. "Don't carry a joke too

"Nonsense! Nonsense!" he said

"It's anything but a joke," she said

he certainly left me a material souve

Fanshaw's big negro valet who was

serving their breakfast: "Hand Mr.

Fanshaw that queer looking stick,

Sam, the one on the buffet. Why-

why, what's the matter?" For she had

"What's that?" Fanshaw exclaimed,

moon of Cyrano de Bergerac.

far, my dear."

It has been customary for the United States Golf association, which rules the American links, to import into its own rules without much question scrutiny the decisions of its Scottish brothers. At the time when the Schenectady was put in the index expurgatorius, as above described, some public comment was made here as to

drews ruling will be publicly spurned Indeed, it appears that English gelfers themselves have a soft spot in their hearts for the Schenectady, or, at least, for the privilege of freedon of choice, and an uprising in the John

spirit and character of the game.

Gilded Creatures.